

MARGARITA, the mountainous island off the coast of Venezuela that Germany is said to have been seeking as a submarine base, has a reputation that ill matches its pleasing name. It was discovered by Columbus in 1498. For generations it was the headquarters of the pirates of the Spanish Main and the prison of slaves.

Pearl and the "Spider" Plan a Bold Burglary to Recover the Violet Diamond



(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 14.

"But how—why couldn't they search his ship for the violet diamond?"

"They wouldn't find it," answered the Spider. "They've raided his place many times for stolen goods, but they've never once found anything they've been looking for. He manages to get wind of the raids, somehow, and covers his tracks. No, there's nothing to be gained by calling in the police. He'll keep the stone if we do that. But if his suspicions aren't aroused, he'll keep it hidden in his big safe. No, the only way for us to get that diamond back is to break in the shop ourselves and steal it!"

"We'll," gasped Pearl. "Break into the shop and steal it!"

He nodded seriously. She sat staring at him as he spoke.

"But how are we to do that?" she asked.

"I'll show you," he responded slowly.

He thought a moment, looked up at the sky, nodded his head.

"Fortunately we have a nice, sunny day ahead of us. The first thing we shall need is a camera."

By BEATRICE
FAIRFAX

"ATTENTION!" shouts the man next to you, and the pistol cracks and the runners start from their marks. But a second later they come trotting back again: One of the contestants was too anxious at the cry, "On your marks! Set! Go!" He had darted off without waiting for the real signal.

The way to win a race is to start on time, not to be so desperately anxious to get away that you over-reach yourself; not to fail to observe the rules of the game.

All of us know men and women who are hurried and hasty and hatters, who try so desperately to curry favor that they make themselves completely obnoxious. It is in human nature to be anxious to win. A social climber doesn't get many hands up as he makes his ascent.

The man or woman who poses as a superior and superior to the people who treat real friends with scorn and tries to put himself on a par with his intellectual superiors, is one sort of climber. The man who is so anxious to Mrs. De Millions and makes desperate efforts to establish terms of intimacy with the Vanderghoes is the other sort.

Snobs and social climbers are laughed at—not loved.

If life is passing you by, if you are not enjoying the chance at happiness and social pleasures, don't make either of two blunders: to run after people whose social position will make it impossible for you to be happy, or barely to tolerate you, or to take up with ordinary or even vulgar folks just for the sake of having company.

Pick out the place in life into which you fit. Select the people whose ambitions and interests are the same as yours. Let this determine you the friends with which you can contribute something and from which in turn you have really something to gain.

Don't be so anxious to throw yourself into it. Make a sane and sensible selection of the people you really want to know, the people who are not so anxious to throw themselves into having looked the territory over

thoroughly fit yourself for the position you want to occupy.

None of this is theory. All experience works it out. Suppose you come to a city as a stranger. Possibilities are everywhere. But instruction and drift into a set where you don't fit, a set which does not interest you or where you meet with interference from the people who are its members. Then you drift back into practically the same state of loneliness the complete stranger knows.

Perhaps you strike up half-hearted acquaintances with people you meet in business; perhaps you manage an incidental friendship with an influential man; perhaps your boarding house or hotel, where you even talk to the good-looking girl who sits next to you at the movies. Rather than have you take up with just anybody.

Perhaps you make your acquaintances on the lower level and you are not even allowed to tell yourself to know the people toward whom ambition and sanity might have urged you to forge.

A little loneliness isn't unendurable. It's the most useful of things to be hysterical about it. The loneliness that is unendurable is soul loneliness, the hunger for unendurable things, the feeling that you have drifted into an entirely wrong environment.

It is worth while sacrificing a great big gross section of the present for the sake of a morsel of a fine slice of the future. Never mind if you aren't having any good times right this minute. It's the future you're after. If you are lonely or bored once in a while you can be using all that time in fitting yourself to go on and up. Every bit of worth while knowledge you pick up every day is a step toward you. If you are reading you do, every bit of self-control you practice will make you more nearly approach the fine ideal of yourself you are striving for.

An ideal of yourself! Get that! Think of yourself as the healthiest, best-looking, most refined, wisest, sanest, most desirable "beast" that you can possibly be. Then you can work up toward what you have worked out.

Suppose Mammie Casey does go to the movies every night and Johnnie Devlin is invited to two dances a week? Are they getting any results from their experience? Is there any net product from the sum total of their goings?

Let life pass you by in January, 1913, because there is a real advantage to you in being "young and unsung." The advantage is that nobody is interfering with your leisure. You have plenty of time to plan for the things you want to come. You can cultivate your looks and your health and your wife and the sweetness and good-nature of your home. You can "sing" all will all work toward charm. And by January, 1913, you will be a great worth knowing!

Let yourself live free from outside influences as well as physically. Cultivate grace and amiability. Then when "you," as your own final analysis of you, shall be ready to go around intelligently for the place where you want to invest your valuable years. Find the friendships that will be a real advantage to the love you wish and be worthy of it.

Sacrifice a few minutes of the present for the sake of the future. Go without cheer pleasures to earn the right to better ones. Have this year, so that you can live in a better one. Have the strength to handle the clothes and the sweetness and the mentality with which to grace it.

Let life be passing you by to-day grin at it amiably and say to yourself and I: "Alright, old top. You aren't giving me much just now, but I'll wait. I'll wait. I'll wait. I'll earn a right to something better than the crumbe you might give for charity now. I'll pass me by with a smile. I'll pass me by with Happiness—but to-morrow I'll catch up with you and take what I have a right to."

Let life be passing you by and pass it in review while it is doing so. You can be as happy as you like if you will bring your will power and your common sense to bear on the problem. Anybody who wants happiness and love, and who is willing to pay for them, can have them.

Magazine Page

DRACULA,
OR
THE VAMPIRE
By BRAM STOKER.

Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bukowina to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diary, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by a man who is actually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality soon gives Harker cause for much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the

PART ONE—(Continued)
3 August.—At midnight I went to relieve the man at the wheel, and when I got to it found no one there. The wind was steady, and as we ran before it there was no yawing. I dared not leave it, so shouted for the mate. After a few seconds he rushed up on deck in his flannels. He looked wild-eyed and haggard, and I greeted him by saying he had given way. I came close to me and whispered coarsely, with his mouth to my ear, "though fearing the very air might bear;

STATE TELLS STORY OF STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

"It is here; I know it, now!" the watch last night I saw it like a man, tall and thin, and ghastly pale, was in the bows and looking up, crept behind it, and gave it a knife; but the knife went through him empty as the air."

And as he spoke she took his arm and drove it as abruptly into space. Then he went on: "But it is here, and I'll find it. It is the hold, perhaps in one of those boxes. I'll unscrew them one by one and see. You work the helm. And with a warning look and his finger in his lip, he went below.

There, as I springing up a choppy wind, and I could not leave the helm. I saw him come out on deck again with a tool-chest and a lantern, and go down the forward hatchway. I was mad, stark, raving mad, and it's a curse my trying to stop him. I tried to hurt those big axes: they are iron-clad as "colts," and to pull them about is as effortless a thing as a man can do. So here I stay, and mind the helm, and write these notes. I cannot trust in God and wait till the fog clears. Then, if I can't steer my habor with the wind that is, I shall cut down sails and lie by, at the signal for help.

It is nearly all over now. Just as we were beginning to hope that the madman would come out calmer—for I heard him keeping away at something in the hold, and work is good for him—there came up the hatchway a sudden, startled scream, which made my blood run cold, and up on the deck he came as if shot from a gun—a raging madman, with eyes rolling and his arms convulsed as if he were saying, "save me!" he cried, and then looked round on the blank fog. His horror turned to despair, and in a steady voice he said: "You had better come too, captain, before it is too late. He is there, know the secret now. This sea will make me from him, and I shall be a worse man than you could say is the worst."

prang on the bulwark and deliberately threw himself into the sea. Suppose I know the secret too, now it was this madman who had guided of the men one by one, and now he has followed them himself. God help me! How am I to account for all these horrors when I get to port? When I get to port! Will that ever be?

4 August.—Still fog, which the sun

Count tells of his estate and of the history of his family. Later the Count orders him to write his employer he is to stay at the castle for a month. That night he sees the Count crawl down the wall. Like a Haard, the Count is full of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker gains an idea of the strange character of his host. One night three women appear in his room but are driven away by the Count. Harker realizes the danger he seeks to escape, but finds all avenues of escape closed. Harker discovers the Count wounded and believes him dead. Then the strange developments are made known. The Count is thrown into the Count's wretched personality.

rise cannot pierce. I know there
sunrise because I am a sailor, w
else I know not. I dared not go l
low, I dared not leave the helm, a
there, all night I stayed, and in t
dimness of the night I saw it—H
God forgive me, but the mate w
right to jump overboard. It was b
ter to die like a man, to die like
sailor in blue water no man can
ject. But I am captain, and I mu
not leave my ship.

**THE CAPTAIN DECIDES
TO STICK BY HIS VESSEL.**

But I, shall baffle this fiend
monster, for I shall tie my hands
the wheel when my strength begins
to fail, and along with them I
that which He-It--dare not
touch, and then, come good wind
foul, I shall save my soul, and
honor as a captain. I am growing
weaker, and the night is coming
He can look me in the face again
I may not have time to act. . .
If we are wrecked, mayhap this boat
may be found, and those who find
may understand: if not, . . .
Well, then all men shall know that
have been true to my trust
of the Virgin and the saint
help a poor ignorant soul trying
to do his duty.

Of course the verdict was an open one. There is no evidence to show that the captain had committed the murders there alone to say. The folk here hold most universally that the captain was simply a hero, and he will be given a full funeral. The captain arranged that his body is to be taken with a train of boats up the Esk. A piece and then brought back to the Hill Pier and up the river to the point where the churchyard stands on the cliff. The owners of more than a hundred boats have already given in their names as wishing to follow him to the grave.

There is a small dog, often found on the great dog, at which there is much mourning, for, with public opinion in its present state, he would, I believe, be adopted by the town. Tomorrow will be the funeral, and so will be this one more "mystery" of the

MIN. HARKER'S JOURNAL.
8 August.—Lucy was very restless all night, and I, too, could not sleep. The storm was fearful, and the waves were so high that the ship pitched and rolled about as if on shipwrecked spots. It made me shudder. When a sharp puff came it seemed to be like a distant gun. Strangely enough, Lucy did not wake, but she got up twice and dressed herself. Fortunately, each time I awoke in time to change her. I was so tired that I was almost asleep when she was making her and got her back to bed. It is a very strange thing, this sleep-walking, for as soon as her will is thwarted in any physical way, her intention, if there be any, disappears and she yields herself almost exactly to the impulses of her nerves. I am not sure that I have ever seen her do this before. I am not sure that I shall see her do it again.
Life. No Continued Tomorrow.

(Copyright)

By William F. Kirk.

MISSUS BRANEPAN was to oust the house last nite, she met Ma at thatrue club.

She has got sum naim for a club, dy, Branepan, — Pa. bestofa means Branepan calim calver. If Pa. and a naim like that, sed Pa. I wud be in the President.

— then you was all over running for office since that Fall you fell be'er as the Republican fore, sed Ma. I have you forgot that grate race in which you fannished second in? sed Pa.

Do not dig up the past, and Pa. said when I am the happiest you all says think of sumthing polittical and Pa. the only subick about which do not calr to con-ver-sue about.

Well, sed Ma, you began it, I weave this is Mrs. Branepan now, then she calim in, she was a very stufil lady, she calim from Ken-cou, she sed.

That is grate, and Pa. my wife sed in Kentucky & only happened com north on a vlati, sed Pa. and test me by good luck.

I see, sed Ma, Branepan. I am so lucky for you to meet a charming lady, she sed to Pa. I had a grate trip South one spring, sed Pa. I was down there for a fewed days, sed Ma, McGraw of main Glanta Pa sed. We got a grate cepaphun in many Southern citiees, sed Pa. I found every body there farming, I am going back there in a few days, sed Pa. & Ma's a very stufil say. As they say in Calim-dy Pa. how do you like my Clum-dy in here?

— rather dig-agr-eh-ah calim sed, sed Ma's friend, se colu &

bantery, etc. But I have met sum charming people here, she said, sum grate painters, statesmen, ritters etc.

Rite here in Little Old New York is where you will find them, and Pa & sum are heer who do a little of each of them class & now & then, she said. It happen to be the right place along Broadway, and Pa you encounter a Actor.

I am deeply inter-ated in the stage, and Ma's friend, My husband, she said, has been here has been produced in New York theatre.

I'd like to meet him, and Pa as I plan on having sum of my own, she said. I later on has been thinking, and Pa, of tilsum sum blank verse plays like Miste Shakespeare rote, only with mor of a punch in them, and Pa. I believe he would have started a crase for poetry, and Pa.

I think mor likely the erase for poetry will start another war, she said. I think the poetry will be like sum of that which has been lately, I have a clipping here, she said, called a Free Verse Fantasy. I'd like to read it to you, it is a poem, she said. I'd like to read it, it is called O silvery Luna.

You beken to my soul
Out of the blossoming blue of Heaven

Free Verse Fantasy of vast meadow,
My soul in answer cries to thee
And all the border echoes sweet
the stars!

Sum free verse, and Pa. I wonder if you be met it, she said.

I don't know, and Minsus Brane pan, that is why I kep this clipping. I love deep poetry, she said. No song riter ever rote that butiful verse.

After she was gone Pa and he was glad he didn't read none of his poetry to her. She has too grate an intellect for mr, and Pa. I believe she would like Ma, to hear you say these words.

By MARY ELLEN
SIGSBEE

Many Forget That Apartment House Children Are Human and Make Their Lives a Burden



ONCE I lived for a short time in an apartment hotel with a very little boy. We had a very hard time of it. He couldn't remember that an apartment house child always walks on his tip-toes, never runs and never speaks above a whisper—if it is a successful apartment house child.

The clerk in the office called us up very often. The lady below us seemed to live in a continual state of indignation. This was a very reasonable little boy. He tried hard to do what was expected of him. Unfortunately, however, he was a human child.

One day when the little boy was taking a nap, the telephone rang furiously. The poor clerk, who rather liked us, said the lady below us was sure her chandler was going to fall if "that child kept on." I had not heard a sound, but I rushed into the little boy's room, thinking he might have fallen out of bed. He was sitting up trying to put on his slippers and one of them had fallen on the floor. That was all there was to it.

Now, there are a great many people in this world who get very little enjoyment out of life simply because they are too busy keeping a watch for possible intruders upon their comfort. Most of the child objectors in our city apartment houses

are of this kind, and it is to them I am writing.

Standing guard over one's own rights and privileges is an occupation that does not induce a pleasant state of mind at best. It makes one old before one's time, and ugly. At its worst it attracts the thousand and one difficulties we stand in dread of.

The lady I have mentioned would walk downtown with some like minded friend, chatting merrily despite the shrieks of automobiles and the thunder of the elevated. She had no exaggerated idea of what was due her when in the street, so she bestowed her attention elsewhere and consequently, in spite of the noise and clamor, managed to enjoy herself hugely. Once back in her own home, however, she regarded it as a sacred duty to see that she got all the comfort—and a little more if possible—that she was paying for. None of her neighbors should get away with anything if her watchfulness could prevent it.

Poor apartment house children! We city dwellers stand in a fair way to develop something new in the line of human beings. When a little girl whom I know went to the Catskills, it took her more than a month to remember that she had the solid earth beneath her home and did not need to always bear in mind the feelings of "the cross lady" below her.

By
DEATRICE FAIRBANKS

It Won't Work.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a stenographer in the employ of a large New York firm. About six months ago I met a young man, a gentleman, whom I have grown to love. Recently he informed me that he is married and has been suing for a divorce. Now his mother has persuaded him to go back to his wife and he is going to take her advice and return.

Dear Miss Fairfax would it be proper for me to go on, loving him as I do, being a good friend and pal to him, as I have been in the past? He thinks it is his duty to do so, and I, of course, the future there will be no mention of love on either side, only pure straightforward friendship. I wouldn't. We the world would cause any bitterness or unhappiness on the part of any one concerned.

E. L. R. T.

MY dear child, how often must I try to dispose of the selfsame problem? This situation doesn't work. It never has and it never will. If you love a man and he is bound in honor to love and cherish another woman, who would'st

hate or fear you if she knew about you, what part can you find for yourself in this little triangular cast of characters? You don't want to be called a love pirate or a home wrecker, do you? You aren't particularly anxious to be miserable and bitterly lonely in the end, are you? And you are heading straight for a loss of reputation or of happiness if you persist in trying to be "friends" with this man. He needed your friendship in his loneliness and took it—selfishly perhaps, but naturally withal. Either he is now trying to "let you down easy," or he is selfish enough to want to go on enjoying your friendship without stopping to consider the cost either to you or his. And it won't work, dear. Give him up now before he comes to mean too much to you or the world judges you harshly on his account.

Compromise.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one years old and the youngest in the family. One of my sisters, who is about

years older than I, and when I was very seldom, causes me to be very unhappy by always wanting to go, with me, when I go out with my friends. Naturally my friends are all about my own age and do not care to have anybody older around, especially one of a rather quiet nature. I do not like to leave her out or make her feel that I do not want her, but still feel that I ought to have a little freedom and not always have to take her along. The thing that troubles me is that my mother is always against me and thinks my sister is right. I would appreciate your little advice in regard to this.

SINCE you have the advantage over your sister that youth and gaiety give you, don't you think you can afford to spare your fun to her? Her own mother ought to make her realize that if she is a young man invites you out, she does not always want her along, and when you are going out with a party, or invite friends to the house, surely you can afford to spare her good times with her.